

The Mountain Advocate.

NEW SERIES: VOLUME 10; NO. 9

BARBOURVILLE, KY., FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1920

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR IN ADVANCE

MOONSHINERS AT WORK IN KNOX COUNTY

Knox citizens of Fount and Girdler state that whiskey drinking is so rampant around those towns that it is not safe to travel at night. The young bloods, with perhaps a sprinkling of older heads, ride up and down the roads yelling and shooting off their guns to the danger of anyone who may be travelling on the roads.

This should be stopped and the best way to stop it is to stop the manufacture of the moonshine whisky. There is no blushing the fact that it is causing all kind of trouble in our County, including the crime of murder, whereby women are left with families to fight the battle of life alone. It is bottled or jugged dry and has no legal standing in the community. In fact it is an outlaw, subsisting on the subsistence of those failing to report existing stills. If there is no other way in which it can be suppressed then the officers of Uncle Sam should be brought into the fight and the illegal stills should be put out of business.

This devil's brew is causing parents to worry for their sons, not only spiritually but also mentally and physically.

Judge R. S. Rose has made a start in the work of dealing away with stills by making the drinking individual tell where he is getting the stuff. Every known still should be reported to the Internal Revenue Office at Louisville.

The condition is so bad that some of those who reported the matter to the Advocate state that they may be compelled to leave the districts in which they live unless conditions improve.

What is everybody's business is said to be nobody's business, but if the individual will make it his business to report the existence of stills there will soon be a clearing up of the illegal traffic.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT

George W. Ricketts, son of S. A. Ricketts of near Trosper, accidentally shot himself in the thigh last week while playing with a pistol. The boy thought all the shots had been fired but on dropping the gun to his side, it went off and shot him through the thigh. He has a good chance to recover without the loss of his leg.

MASONIC LODGE MEETS

Dave Jackson, Grand Secretary of the Masonic Lodge of Kentucky, was here Saturday in the interest of the Million Dollar Fund which is being raised for the Masonic widows and orphans home. This was the Annual Meeting of the Masonic Brethren and also the meeting for the election of officers.

J. C. Moore has returned to Barbourville after a visit to his daughter in Tennessee.

Han. Sawyer A. Smith is now a Colonel on the staff of Gov. E. P. Morrow having recently been honored with this appointment.

Soldier Might Lose His Gun But He Held On To His Shovel

A soldier was relating some of his experiences in the Argonne Forest. He had played a rather important part in that historic fight.

During the course of his conversation, he let drop these few words:

"—but we always held on to our shovels."

After the fight the work of salvaging the war implements began. No shovels could be found, except that wherever there was a shovel the man who had used it lay beside it.

He knew he had to have it, to dig himself in again.

That was intuition with the soldier. He was saving for the future. Many can and should emulate his example.

Practice it with your money. Start a bank account today, and let it grow so that you can "dig in" when the time comes

\$1.00 WILL START AN ACCOUNT

Or let War Savings Stamps be your trench shovels.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BARBOURVILLE, KENTUCKY

CAPITAL STOCK PAID IN FULL \$50,000.00
SURPLUS AND NET PROFITS \$30,000.00

PROMINENT CITIZENS INDICTED

LENZA BAKER SHOT IN ABDOMEN

On how small a thing may destroy! In the beginning of the race, the Apple of Adam's eye offered him an apple, and lo, chaos!

The spirit of taking a chance, which began in an environment of perfection, has spread down the ages and reached Barbourville. As a consequence, some of our most gifted sons, otherwise of a beautiful pulchritude of conduct, have found themselves in the strong meshes of the net, which, thrown out by the Grand Jury on the waters of life, has gathered in those who have strayed from their Ark of Safety.

When, as boys, they vied in the healthful pastime of jumping at a crack in the sidewalk, guessed heads or tails, even while they kept the coin, so precious in the days of scarcity, playing marbles for keeps and other such games of chance, little did they imagine that these customs might, when age had endowed them with all the strength and attraction of young manhood, examples of what young men should be, when, in fact, success spread out before them and the golden apples in the Garden of Opportunity were theirs, for the picking, little did they imagine, we repeat, that a penny cast at a crack or the E Pluribus Unum vs. Liberty, over a glass of sparkling coke, poured from a bottle and mixed with water, gaseous or plain, would be their downfall. Yet, so it seems, because said well beloved sons of our fair town, to a ripe and goodly number, in fact are now wondering what will happen when Circuit Court again meets and the penny cast at a crack and E Pluribus Unum vs. Liberty vs. coke, come up for judgment.

Thus does the influence of the past, not only our own, but that of our numberless ancestors, rise to put the kibosh on us.

Meanwhile let us walk warily, treating Dutch fashion and hanging grimly on to the pennies, so that the dollars may take care of themselves. Else, "Et tu, Brute!"

FEDERAL AMENDMENT RATIFICATION

Expected by Kentucky Suffragists
First Week of Legislature

Governor E. P. Morrow will open the Kentucky Equal Rights Convention in Lexington, January 6th. Prominent men of both parties will speak for the Federal Amendment, which will, if passed, add to the great number of states which have signed their approval of Woman's Suffrage. Among the speakers will be Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst the English suffragist and Mrs. Chas. L. Tiffany of New York.

We shall be glad to see Kentucky enroled among those States which believe that the home makers and working women should have a voice in the legislation which affects them and their families.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends for the kind assistance rendered us during the illness and death of our beloved Mother and Grandmother, Mrs. Martha Davis, who passed into the Great Beyond December 25th, 1919, age 81 years, 6 months and 2 days.

CHRISTMAS DANCE

A Christmas dance was enjoyed

by a number of our citizens last week at the Lyons home in Middleboro. Those who attended the dance were: —Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Heidrick, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Tye, Mr. and Mrs. Yancey Lytle, of Manchester, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Mateen, Misses Jewel, Druelein and Lillydale Tye, Mary Agnes Heidrick, Mary Mc Dermott and Roberta Cole. The young people spent the night at the Lyons home.

NOTICE

Effective January 1, 1920

It becomes necessary for me in the future to make a small charge for my professional services in the Scientific Examination of eyes.

When I came to Barbourville an examination was conducted free as an inducement for people to visit my office and have those suffering from eye trouble witness my method and discover for themselves whether I was a professional or a faker. The number of patients I have had is sufficient proof that the people have rightly placed me in the professional class.

I also wish to announce that I came here solely to practice Optometry legitimately and now I am compelled to charge a reasonable fee for my services to sustain my practice and the good will of the people. Yours for better eyesight,

J. Effron, O. D., Graduate Optometrist and Optician.

LETTER FROM J. M. ROBISON

Washington, D. C., Dec. 22, 1919.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Congress, Saturday night before adjournment, passed the bill increasing the compensation for disabled soldiers, sailors and Marines to be effective on April 6th, 1917. This increases the compensation for these boys nearly three times. I understand that the President will sign the bill today. Many of our disabled heroes will get more than a thousand dollars back compensation and nearly three times as much in the future as they have gotten heretofore. It is indeed a splendid Christmas gift for the soldiers.

I find that a great many soldier boys have not received their full quota of clothing and equipment. If any of your readers have not received their full quota of clothing and equipment I should be glad to send them blanks.

A great many soldier boys have not received their Liberty Bonds for which they have paid and are having trouble with their compensation and allotments. I shall be glad to help all who desire help on this matter. The Congressman can get quicker action on these matters than the parties themselves.

We are assured by the Republican leaders that the Fuller Bill, giving additional pay to the Union Veterans, will come up and be passed on January 5th, and that our Spanish-American and Phillipine War Pension Bill will be taken up and passed by the house in January. I shall be glad to send the latest Farmer's Year Book and Farmers' Bulletins to those who may desire them.

I shall be glad to help your readers and your people down there in any way I can. I am sure that the foregoing will be good Christmas news to the soldiers of all the wars and I will thank you to publish the same.

We are making a hard effort to have the Congress consider and pass the increased pay bill, or bonus bill, for the World War soldiers.

Wish you and your readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I remain, Your friend

J. M. Robison.

OIL NEWS

C. L. Bartlett, of Maysville is registered at the Jones Hotel and will remain to supervise development on Richland Creek.

It is reported that a St. Louis oil company, represented by Mr. Williams, have shipped a rig to Stinking Creek and will begin operations as soon as the rig arrives.

Great activity prevails in the leasing of land in the Stinking Creek section. On Sunday, Leo Jackson left for Lexington to close up a deal for leases with some parties of that city.

James J. Scanlon, principal geologist of the Geologist Oil Company with headquarters at Louisville, is expected here shortly to make a location for an important test in the Stinking Creek section. Mr. Scanlon has made a careful test of the structures in Stinking Creek and is of the firm conviction that his people will encounter a deep oil pool there.

The Associated Producers spudded in their No. 1 well on Stinking Creek Monday. They are starting with a ten inch hole and have made all provision in the way of casing, corrodage and heavy tools to go to a depth of 3,500 feet provided paying sands are not reached before getting to that depth. This company is also preparing to start a well near Ogall postoffice in Clay County line. A favorable feature of the possibilities of a deep well in Knox County is the fact that in Knott County, north-east of Knox County, a well was completed last week where oil was found in paying quantities at a depth of over 2,600 feet. This oil was found in the Pennsylvania formation. It is a matter of great importance from the fact that this is the first well in Eastern Kentucky that has been found at that depth. The bringing in of this well will undoubtedly encourage the development in Perry, Leslie, Clay and Knox.

The whiskey dealers formerly knew what to say and do when they wanted anything. Now they are at a loss for words and action. Makers and customs certainly change.

CHRISTMAS AT THE HICKORY MILL

Following their custom of many

years standing, T. W. Minton & Co.

Hickory Mill, of Barbourville, pre-

sented each one of their 91 em-

ployees with a Christmas turkey.

A feature of the occasion was two very interesting turkey races, the first giving a game young turkey a 100 ft. handicap, and the second giving a 300 ft. handicap. The turkeys gave the boys the chase of their young lives, but they were finally captured by Jason Mayes and George Barnes, who kept the turkeys as prizes. After the races names were drawn from a hat by the boys for the choice of turkeys, the names having been arranged into yearly classes, according to years of service with the company.

After the turkeys were all selected, the boys and turkeys climbed on top of the large hickory log pile in the mill yard and several pictures were taken of the group.

This company has a fine spirit of good will and a splendid organization among their men, and they are justly proud of "The Hickory Mill Boys."

OUR STREETS

In wishing a Happy and Prosperous New Year to our new City Council, let us remember the good work of the old City Council.

As we look over the paved streets and realize what they mean and will mean to Barbourville, let us put on record the names of the men who constituted the old Council. Thos. D. Tinsley, Mayor, City Council, R. W. Cole, Judge S. B. Dishman, Gen. W. Tye, Dr. J. E. Faulkner, Judge B. B. Golden and J. R. Jones.

When these men put down streets that are streets (and it took nerve to do it), they put Barbourville on the map. The city will become more and more a city of homes and a center of education and, when the Dixie Highway is completed, taid it will be completed if Congressman Robison knows what he is talking about and we know he does, then the tourist, who will bring thousands of dollars to Barbourville, will be able to pass from a Pike road onto our paved streets, which, otherwise, would have been a weak link in the system.

There are still streets that should be paved and we have no doubt that the present City Council will show energy in getting them paved, especially as ocular demonstration of what paved streets mean should make it easier to get the work done. Head's to a Barbourville with every street paved by 1921!

MOUNTAIN EAGLES VS. CUMBERLAND QUINTETTE

The Mountain Eagles of Barbourville on the 23rd descended from their exile and picked the bones of the Cumberland Quintette at Harlan. The score was 47 to 6. The boys were treated royally and a social at the hotel was greatly enjoyed.

The Mountain Eagles of Barbourville, \$1.50 a yr.

ANNUAL RECEPTION OF THE TUESDAY CLUB

Mrs. J. W. Hughes entertained

the Tuesday Club on December 23rd

at the B. B. I. This was the holi-

day meeting at which it has always

been the custom of the Club to enter-

tain guests—a reception and not

a regular meeting. After the mem-

bers and their guests had exchanged

greetings and were all seated in the

spacious parlor of the Girls' Dormitory

Mrs. W. S. Hudson gave two piano solfatas.

Waldo Brillante, Chopin, and Prairie Sketches, Cadman.

Mrs. R. B. Minton read

"When Matilda Sings," in a most

pleasing manner.

Lowell Hughes played "A Perfect Day" on his cornet of which he is quite a master

for so small a fellow.

The rest of

program was so arranged that each

one took part in story telling, games

and contests in which quick thinking

and skill were exhibited.

Mrs. Leslie Logan and Mrs. S. T. David-

son carried off the prizes.

Delicious refreshments were serv-

ed in the Institute dining hall where

many seasonable toasts were made.

The dining hall was elaborately de-

corated in Christmas red and green

and little Santa Clauses were used as

place souvenirs. The spirit of pleasant

intercourse prevailed throughout

and Mrs. Hughes proved a per-

fect hostess.

The following ladies were pre-

as guests of the Club:

Messmates J. D. Black, Henry C.



If you wish to sell your farm or home, see Reid Real Estate Co.

Dr. R. L. Latimore, of Straight Creek, was in town Monday on business.

The Misses Campbell spent the Christmas holidays at Grays with their people.

Mrs. W. T. Stewart and Mrs. H. M. Richards spent Saturday at Aransas with relatives of the former.

Lewis Monahan, of Poplar Creek was in town Monday spending his good money.

Rev. J. T. Ingles was at Middleboro Sunday taking service at the M. E. Church.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Sampson, of New York, have been visiting Mr. Sampson's mother for a few days.

Roy Miller, proprietor of the City Pressing Shop has returned from a trip to St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Richards entertained Mr. and Mrs. Ben Herndon at Sunday dinner.

Prof. J. Alex Tinsley, of Jamestown, N. Y., who spent Christmas with his people, left for home Wednesday via Warren, Ohio, where he will visit his sister, Mrs. N. W. Cobb.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Churchill will be home in about six weeks when Bert finishes his brick work on the Erosheer and Brummitt Hospital at Middleboro.

Twin boys were born to Mr. and Mrs. Larkin Miller, Jr., Tuesday night at 11 o'clock. They will be known to their admirers as John Tye and Warren C.

A. T. Shinn has accepted the position of night agent at the depot and his many friends will welcome him back to Barbourville. He just can't be happy elsewhere.

P. L. Centers, one of the professors at Cumberland College, Wilkinsburg and formerly of Barbourville, spent the weekend here with friends.

Mrs. H. L. Caudill, of Hobart, Okla., arrived Sunday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Barnard.

Mrs. John A. Black has been indisposed this week.

George B. Taylor, of Flat Lick, who has been working at Harlan, spent Christmas with his family.

W. J. Hammons, of Goose Creek, was spending his money here Saturday.

M. T. Bingham, of Girdler, was shaking hands with friends Saturday.

The Holiness meeting at Swan Lake was closed Sunday after two weeks work.

T. W. Wagers, of Lynch, visited home folks at Manchester during Christmas week.

Miss Ida Leger, who recently broke her left arm has resumed her school teaching.

Campbell Whitliff of Middlesboro spent the week end here with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Dorothy, of Winchester, spent Christmas with home folks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Cannon entertained Rev. and Mrs. Davis at dinner on Christmas Day.

H. H. Archer, of Knoxville, Tenn., spent Xmas with his cousin, J. E. Archer at the Jones Hotel.

B. B. L. opened with a fine attendance on Tuesday and Union College on Thursday.

Miss Mary Henry, of Maryville, Tenn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. L. Stanfill.

Mrs. Nannie Taylor, of Union College, returned Monday from a visit home at Baileys Switch.

Uncle Robert Bain, who has been quite sick is improving nicely in spite of his 95 years of youth.

Mrs. R. R. Rose, of Jenkins, Ky., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Faulkner.

J. A. McDermott is back from Columbus where he says all conditions are wonderful.

Mrs. H. W. Harmon and brother, Will Pleitman, of Pineville, spent the holidays with their people, C. H. Lytle and family, of Manchester.

Joe Sampson, who has been the guest of his mother, Mrs. Joe Sampson, has returned to his home at St. James, Milin.

Mrs. W. H. Sphar, daughter Anna and son Arthur, of Richmond, Ky., are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Gibson.

R. N. Fultz, from over the river, recently killed a hog weighing 610 pounds. The hams weighed 62 lbs. each.



Mountain Advocate \$1.50 per year.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Garrard spent Christmas with Mrs. Garrard's sister at Morgan, Ky., returning Saturday.

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A TEXAS WONDER

For kidney and bladder trouble, gravel, warts and lame back, even in thin and treacherous life of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Try it now in your druggist, well be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.25 for small bottle, often cures. Send for extra testimonials. Dr. F. W. Hall 1220 Clark St., St. Louis Mo. 312-1214

Quick Cure for Croup.

Watch for the first symptom, hoarseness, and give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at once. It is prompt and effectual.

Herman Kelley spent Christmas Day at his home and returned to Ashland, Ky., where he is working in the oil fields.

Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Franklin have returned from Alton Station where they spent the holidays with Dr. Franklin's father.

V. D. Jackson of Bailey Switch was a pleasant visitor at the Advocate office Wednesday. He also renewed his subscription for another year. Mr. Jackson acknowledges that he is a "rank" on good roads and he has certainly built some good ones.

The Cosmopolitan Concertina will be at Union College the night of January first. They have a splendid collection of vocal and instrumental selections from the popular hits of the day and the old masters, besides other startling surprises. Those who should be grateful to Union College and to Prof. D. M. Umble, who has worked so hard to bring the Concertina here, and should show their appreciation by attending.

Richard C. Miller, formerly of Kling, Ky., and who last year became Instructor of Agriculture at the now Graduate Assistant in Agriculture, State of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky., Mr. Miller will graduate this year in M. S. in Agriculture. He is the only one working for a degree at the University this year. Mr. Miller spent Xmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Miller of Kling.

All the Union College folks know they might be called round haven for dinner on Christmas Day Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Minton entertained Prof. and Mrs. Cremer and family, the D. M. Umble family had the Tinsley family, Miss Robeson Sawyer entertained Misses Jessie Arnett and Cassie Cox, and Mrs. Rodger at the Franklin home. In fact all the Franklins, and their guests Misses Flora Bogard and Freda Jasper while the family of Dr. J. A. Gray enjoyed the excellent dinner served at the Jones Hotel.

James Bright of College Avenue, formerly principal of Straight Creek school, has accepted the position of book-keeper at the First National Bank. You will know him by his pleasing smile.

The store of Grover Humfleet at Knox Fork, which is also the post office, was entered last week and the postoffice was robbed of \$130 to \$150. Bloodhounds from Lexington were brought to the scene but too late to be of any use.

Mrs. H. M. Hersheberg will continue the business of H. M. Hersheberg along the same lines as heretofore and will appreciate trade and patronage of friends and customers, always paying market price for produce.

V. D. Jackson, of Baileys Switch, entertained the following members of his family at Christmas: —Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McNeil, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis and family of Lynch and W. H. Buchanan and family from down the river.

Anyone having rooms, furnished or unfurnished, for rent is asked to list them at the Mountain Advocate or the office Union College. A large number of students are expected and it is desired that they be provided with rooms as soon as possible.

Robert Patterson of Flat Lick returned Sunday morning from the Georgia School of Technology Atlanta, Ga., to spend Xmas with his parents Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Patterson. Mr. Patterson is studying auto mechanics and when he gets thru his course in about three months he will probably go into the automobile business. This school also teaches aeronautics and with its machine shops gives a fine training in mechanics.

U. S. Government Warns Farmers About Disease Caused by Rats

They carry bubonic plague, fatal to human beings. They carry foot and mouth disease which is fatal to stock. They kill chickens, eat grain, cause destruction to property. If you have rats RAT-SNAP will kill them. Cremates rats after killing them—leaves no smell. Comes in cakes, ready for use. Three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and guaranteed by Wilson Bros. and Costellow Drug Co.

Happy New Year



Start the New Year with Better Eyesight
Eyes Examined Without Drugs. No Danger
and No Guess Work.

Are You Among the People who are Troubled
With

Overworked Eyes

Nervousness

Failing Sight

Watering Eyes

Movie Strain

Headaches, etc.

All of These Can be Corrected with my Glass

A Visit to My Office Will Convince You

Expert In Eye Glasses Lenses Duplicated

Office Hours:

S. a. m. to Noon 1 p. m. to 6 p. m.
or by appointment

J. EFFRON, O. D.

Graduate Optometrist and Optician

Over Cole & Hughes Store

Barbourville, Ky.

Dr. S. C. Jones, of Jarvis Store,
was here Tuesday.

W. R. Morree, of Warren, was a
business visitor Tuesday.

Geo. Faulkner, of Swan Lake,
was in town Monday.

J. C. Davis and Cleo Mays, of
Ramm, came in Monday to attend
B. B. I.

Gwyn Gibson, of Flat Lick, was
here Tuesday on business.

Miss Lewis Sampson has been ill
the past week but is improving.

A. H. Guyn spent Christmas at
his home in Wilmore, Ky.

Rev. S. F. Kelley preached at the
M. E. Church Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Barner, of Pine-
ville, were in town for Christmas.

Miss Cecil Faulkner, of Swan
Lake, spent the holidays with relatives here.

For Sale—The Peerless Cafe—
Owing to the continued illness of L. L. Sturm, it is necessary to sell the
business which will stand any investi-
gation. Price reasonable. Must
be sold at once.

At Right Uncle Tom has returned
to Barb for a visit with his
relatives.

Mrs. P. L. Reid is entertaining
her sister, Catherine Woodson,
of Louisville.

Uncle Tom, whose wife,
generally known as Granny Payne,
died some time ago, died on Dec.
26, from cancer. He is believed to have
been cancerous. The funeral was held
at the Union Graveyard on
Straight Creek. Two boys and two
girls survived. Uncle Tom was a veteran
of the Civil War and a member of the
Confederate Army.

The Farmer's Worst Enemy—Rats
The Farmer's Best Friend—RAT-SNAP

These are the words of James
Baxter, N. J. "Ever since I tried
RAT-SNAP I have always kept it in
the house. We eat it up
\$3.00 worth of ITA
and figure it saves us
eels, eggs, and feed. RAT-SNAP
is convenient to just break up cake,
no mixing with other food." Three
sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold and
guaranteed by Wilson Bros. and
Costellow Drug Co.

How the red-blooded, energetic
and attractive man or woman is envied
by those who feel that it will always
be their unfortunate lot to be
thin,

HIGH PRICES ARE PAID

Thoroughbreds Are Sold At Fancy Figures.

Fashionable Gatherings at Saratoga when Aristocracy of Horse Family Are Placed on the Stock.

An astonishing expansion of the thoroughbred horse sales business and an amazing increase in thoroughbred values is revealed in the early up of the eastern trade in running horses for the year ending August 31, 1919. T. J. Trauter, president of the Trauter Company, of New York. The Trauter Company has in its hands control of the eastern sales business now, and the sales in so far as thoroughbred yearlings offered in the eastern market are concerned are held mainly in the month of August and conducted in a splendidly appointed establishment built by Mr. Trauter three or four years back after the best European models, but with certain American embellishments. Everybody who is anything in the thoroughbred world, or ever hopes to be, thinks to Saratoga in August. The thoroughbred Jenkins sales, and especially those held at night under the glare of electric arcs, have become social functions. Men never think of going out to the night sales from the palatial settings and the great hotels save in evening dress. Women attend them invariably in evening dress, or undress, according to one's point of view.

The best appreciation of the expansion of the thoroughbred auction sales business and of the increase in thoroughbred values is to be obtained by comparing the records of 1919 with the records of 1917 and 1918. Two hundred and twenty-three yearlings were led to the auction block in 1917 and they brought a total of \$188,275, an average of \$8,491 a head. Sixty-seven horses of racing age brought \$146,100, an average of \$8,292.85 a head. In 1918 two hundred and thirty-five thoroughbred yearlings brought a total of \$218,626, an average of \$8,573.96 a head; nine brood mares fetched \$20,095, an average of \$2,232.77 a head; and 152 horses of racing age fetched \$200,810, an average of \$1,324.12 a head.

Run Into Big Money.

More than three quarters of a million dollars—\$519,210 to be exact—was realized at the auction block at Saratoga for the thoroughbreds the Trauter Company offered for bids. Two hundred and two yearlings yearlings brought \$603,750, an average of \$2,558.58 a head; nineteen broodmares fetched \$133,327, an average of \$8,717.30 a head; three stallions brought \$21,900, an average of \$7,297, and eighty-three horses in training fetched \$117,010, an average of \$1,417. These figures correspond closely to the auction sales of 1918. Many horses of various ages have been bought and sold privately. Montford Jones paid \$10,000 for a 2-year-old Brookfield, son of Ballon, S. C. Hildreth paid \$17,500 for Donmungo, a son of Peter Quince. Hildreth is said to have refused an offer of \$150,000 for this three-year-old Purchaser. Larry Watbury, a successful New York breeder paid \$20,000 for the three-year-old Binders Park. Mr. Tracy, who keeps a close watch on the thoroughbred market, generally estimates that some two and a half million dollars will have changed hands in transactions in thoroughbred blood before the first of the year. Many horses of various ages will be sold in Kentucky this fall.

It was thought that the top limit of American buyers as regards auction sales prices was reached in the sum of \$10,000 when Mrs. Walter M. Jeffords, of Philadelphia paid \$15,600 for a French-bred yearling by Sweep out of a mare which won the Strategic Stake (\$2,000) under the name of Miss Brook; when Commander J. K. Ross, of Montreal paid \$14,500 for a colt by Black Doctor out of Prima, and Joseph E. Widener paid \$14,000 for a son of Vulture and Fidry Gold which claims Clear Rock, Fair Play and Flittergold for half brothers. But this theory has been badly shattered. Ten thousand dollars and \$15,000 were common prices for good looking thoroughbreds last August. A breeder offering a youngster that looked like a thoroughbred and boasted of a fair pedigree who failed to get from \$5,000 to \$5,000 for his stud went back to Kentucky or Virginia utterly disgusted.

A Few Big Prices.

W. V. Thraves, a Virginian, who is about to embark on a thoroughbred breeding enterprise in Long Ridge Farm in Fayette county, Ky., paid \$21,500 for a yearling son of Ultimus offered by John Miller Keene. Commander Ross paid \$25,000 for an imported son of Sunster and Marian Hood; Phillip T. Chaney, acting for Mr. Winterbury, paid \$22,500 for a son of Cleft and Sand Dune that claims the sprinter The Big for half brother. W. R. Cox paid \$15,000 for a brown son of Cleft and Patricia IV. Commander Ross paid \$30,000 for Melody, a broodmare by Mediller out of Baltimore, that was offered at the dispersal sale of the Mackay stud.

The yearlings from Cladborne and Ellerslie studs offered by Arthur B. Hancock brought the unexpected total of \$146,200, an average from Cladborne of \$8,071.47 and for Ellerslie of \$8,071.47 other breeders of American stock that is in vogue just now fared equally well.—Adv.

W-A-N-T-E-D
Cash, Cypress, Maple &
Oak and Walnut Logs.
If you have any to sell write to
C. C. MENGEL & BRO. CO.,
Louisville, Kentucky

ARTEMUS NEWS

Bill Lawson was in Barbourville Saturday.

Linda Scalf and son Sol went to St. Charles, Va., to see her daughter Maude Jackson, who is very ill.

John Mills was in Barbourville Saturday on business.

E. E. Hammons was called to Teays for work last week.

Cordie Mills was in Pineville shopping Tuesday.

Miss Flora Howard came home to visit her mother Saturday.

Everyone is expecting to have a Merry Christmas here and as Christmas comes only once a year no one ought to care.

Miss Christie Marsee gave her students an entertainment at the Baptist Church Friday night at which everyone had a very nice time.

There was a big supper served at the Christian Church Saturday night. A good crowd attended and everyone had a nice time.

Leaman Hollifield and Miss Flora Ramsey were married Saturday night at Cumberland Gap.

Gilbert Jackson, of St. Charles, Va., is spending Christmas here.

Judge Hammons, of Turkey Creek was here on business Monday.

Aunt Louisa Hubbard is on the sick list.

WHEELER NEWS

Miss Martha Brown is visiting relatives at Artemus.

J. L. Gillman left Saturday for Pineville on business.

Mr. Richardson, mine operator of this place, left for his home in Cincinnati, Friday.

Miss Ruth Thomson, of Buckeye, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. R. C. Bain.

Meses Lizzie Golden and Laura Ingalls spent Sunday with friends here.

Speed Bain spent Saturday in town.

Miss Rosetta Bain spent Sunday with Jessie Trippet.

Anderson and Speed Bain spent Sunday at Buckeye.

Bill Gohns has taken a job as manager or clerk at this place and Phida Hartshorn is the new book-keeper.

Willie Brown left for Harlan Co. Saturday.

Will Gohns, of Harps Creek, spent Saturday with friends.

John Brown spent Sunday at Harps Creek.

Mrs. Jim Turner and son Leon spent Thursday with friends at Weston, Ky.

Miss Bill Bray arrived from Thelby where she has been visiting friends for the past week.

BLUE BELL.

Run-Down, Nervous Women

Louisville, Ky.—"Last year I became terribly run-down and nervous and had the same symptoms peculiar to women of my age. Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription completely restored me to health again. I felt like a brand-new woman, my nerves no longer trouble me and I feel better in every way. favorite Prescription can be relied upon to relieve every symptom of neurasthenia. I take great pleasure in recommending it to all women who are in need of nervousness."—MISS OLIVE R. STELLER, 247 N. Campbell.

IN MIDDLE-LIFE

St. Matthews, Ky.—"I suffered with pain under my center of the heart night that I could hardly turn over in a bed next to the other—that year during the 'flu' season. I also had bad rheumatism and intestinal disturbance. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which gave good results. Have been a user of the same ever since. I can say that it is a splendid remedy for those who suffer with such troubles as we women have to endure. I recommend it to all who suffer from such."

"I am very thankful to Dr. Pierce for his wonderful 'Favorite Prescription' and for what it has done for my dear family."—MISS MARY C. THOMAS, Route 20, Box 194.

Weak, Run-Down and Nervous"

Frankfort, Ky.—"I can highly recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak women. Some time ago I was all run-down in health and became so weak it was an effort for me to get around. I was extremely nervous and was greatly in need of something to build me up. I took Dr. Pierce's Prescription and it was very beneficial in every way. I gained in strength and health and felt altogether like a different person."—MRS. L. E. TRUE, 144 E. Main St.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that on and after January 5th, 1920, the Street Committee will inspect Allison Avenue, Depot Street and Chapman Street with a view of rejecting or accepting same.

Street Committee: —C. B. Parratt, A. C. Mitchell, A. M. Decker, Jr., with Mayor T. D. Tinsley, ex-officio Chairman.

ARKLE NEWS

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BLUE BELL.

Work more— Produce more— Save more—

But we can't continue increasing our production unless we continue increasing our railroad facilities.

The farms, mines and factories cannot increase their output beyond the capacity of the railroads to haul their products.

Railroads are now near the peak of their carrying capacity.

Without railroad expansion—more engines, more cars, more tracks, more terminals—there can be little increase in production.

But this country of ours is going to keep right on growing—and the railroads must grow with it.

To command in the investment markets the flow of new capital to expand railroad facilities—and so increase production—there must be public confidence in the future earning power of railroads.

The nation's business can grow only as fast as the railroads grow!

This advertisement is published by the Association of Railway Executives

Those desiring information concerning the railroad situation may obtain literature by writing to the Association of Railway Executives, at Broadway, New York.

OH! MY BACK!

The Expression of Many a Kidney Sufferer in Barbourville

A stubborn backache is cause to suspect kidney trouble. When the kidneys are inflamed and swollen, stooping brings a sharp twinge in the small of the back, that almost takes the breath away. Doan's Kidney Pills revive sluggish kidneys—relieve aching backs. Here's Barbourville proof:

Tyke Lawson says: "I suffered with my kidneys off and on for twenty years and was down for weeks at a time suffering with my back. The pains almost drew me double. I could not walk straight and often had to lie down to rest my back. I could not lift anything or do any work and had to give up my job. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me making me sound and well. I have had no backaches or other sign of kidney trouble for years."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Lawson had. Foster-Millburn Co., Mrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

CITY ORDINANCE

ORDINANCE apportioning the cost of the Improvement of High Street among the owners of property abutting thereon, according to the front feet of the respective lots abutting said street, and levying a local tax hereon to pay for the same.

The Board of Council of the City of Barbourville, Kentucky, do ordain as follows:

Sec. 1. That the cost and improvement of High Street, in the City of Barbourville, Kentucky, under the ordinance authorizing and directing said Improvement to be made, approved March 18th, 1919, be and the same is hereby apportioned, in accordance with the estimate prepared and furnished by the City Engineer, among the owners of the property and against the property abutting on said street on both sides thereof, according to the number of abutting feet owned by such property owners and according to the number of abutting feet of said property, respectively, as follows:

Frontage	Cost
J. D. Black	174.8 \$512.13
H. H. Owens	75.1 220.03
Christian Church	85.0 242.93
Mrs. Riddell	51.5 151.09
Mary Horine	100.0 292.99
H. L. Hatton	76.7 224.70
Wm. McDaniel	105.0 307.67
H. T. Miller	68.0 199.29
B. B. Golden	31.0 90.82
A. Sevier	41.6 121.88
S. B. Dishman	101.5 297.39
J. F. Hawn	103.0 301.77
Jas. Tugle	80.5 235.86
Sewell	41.0 120.08
J. M. Robson	210.3 617.07

Sec. 2. That there be and hereby is assessed and levied local tax on and against the property abutting said street and improvement and said street, of the total sum of Four thousand two hundred sixteen and 61-100 (\$4,216.61) dollars forthwith for the purpose of paying and for paying the cost of said Improvement, to be paid by the owners of the property abutting said street and Improvement, at the rate per front or abutting foot, as follows:

On the property abutting said street \$2,929. And there is hereby assessed and levied against the respective parcels of land abutting said street and Improvement, the sums aforesaid apportioned to said lots or parcels of land as the proportionate cost of such Improvement, at the rates per front or abutting foot aforesaid, and which sums and local taxes, so levied and assessed, are as follows:

Against the lot of:

J. D. Black	\$512.13
H. H. Owens	220.03
Christian Church	242.93
Mrs. Riddell	151.09
Mary Horine	292.99
H. L. Hatton	224.70
Wm. McDaniel	307.67
H. T. Miller	199.

FARM MENT

The Mountain Advocate.

BARBOURVILLE, K.

JANUARY 2, 1920

One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year, In Advance.

Near St. Anne's

By JANE OSBORN

(© 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Matron of an "old ladies' home," Madge Gray! If you had seen her as she set out that Thanksgiving eve you, too, would have rebelled against the fate that had forced Madge to her decision. It had been merely the result of a little arithmetic. She received \$20 a week—a sum that would once have seemed munificent—for her work as filing clerk in a downtown office. For board and lodging in a tiny little bedroom she had to deduct \$12. There were six lunches besides, and clothes and curfews and all those little incidentals that, no matter what your income, always come to work havoc with your budget. At St. Anne's Madge had been offered \$50 a month—but there would be no expenses—no curfews, board, lodging, lunch or laundry. It was not that institutional life seemed to hold out any attractions to Madge, but simply because she was tired of putting up the fight that seemed necessary in adjusting her standard of living to that \$20 a week. So Madge was interested when Mrs. Saunders, who had known Madge before Mrs. Gray's death and the collapse of the Gray affairs, wrote telling her in a letter full of pity that St. Anne's home, of which Mrs. Saunders was a director, was in need of a matron and that Mrs. Saunders remembered how tactful Madge had been with the old ladies at the hotel where they had once spent the summer. Her letter did not very successfully conceal the fact that the matronship of St. Anne's had not been a position very much sought after and that the \$50 had not been deemed sufficient to the other matrons to persuade them to exert the supreme tact needed to get on with the "aged gentlewomen" who lived at St. Anne's.

Imagine the fair-haired Madge, scarce more than a child herself, mothering all those old ladies. But here there was nothing incongruous in the idea. So having no more interesting plans to make for the holiday, she told Mrs. Saunders that she would go out to St. Anne's to "look things over" and see if she thought she could possibly assume the responsibility that the position required.

Mrs. Saunders had therupon asked her to go out Wednesday afternoon and spend the Thanksgiving week-end there. She wrote to the departing matron to receive Madge and to try to make St. Anne's seem as attractive as possible.

So when twenty-year-old Madge started out by train to the infrequent suburb that harbored St. Anne's it was with the feeling that if she accepted the position—and there seemed not the faintest doubt but that she would—her last decision would have been reached. She would simply resign at St. Anne's the rest of her life.

But, Bob," cried Madge as she realized what he had been saying, and then their eyes met. "Why are you taking her to Malvern? Are you taking her to St. Anne's?"

"Yes, to St. Anne's, and it does sound pretty slimby to let her go to an old ladies' home—but it is just for the year. I know she will be treated well there and she would not consent to my giving up this chance in the West just to stay East with her. Then I'll get a little home and I can afford a companion for her. But until then—"

They were very near to Malvern. Suddenly it seemed to Madge as if the whole world of love and life were slipping through her fingers. She felt not at all usual with Madge; besides, hadn't he hinted that she was the only woman? "Bob, if you had married me—if you—your wife happened to be very fond of old ladies—very tactful and perfectly willing to be considerate—mightn't you have been willing to take the wife and Aunt Sally out West with you right away? The wife would be willing to take care of the dear old aunt, and having them both with you might help you to win out. That is, providing the one woman in the world were still willing to marry you, even though you nearly broke her heart because you didn't tell her that you loved her before."

"You didn't—you wouldn't really" stammered Bob.

"Yes, I did, Bob," announced Madge.

"But could you share your home with Aunt Sally?"

"I've a reputation for being very, very fond of old ladies—I know I'd love Aunt Sally. I could manage harmoniously with one old lady," and there was an emphasis on the one, the reason for which Bob did not understand.

There was just time enough before they reached Malvern for Madge to explain.

"Then why should any of us go to St. Anne's?" asked Aunt Sally, when they explained just what had happened in the little waiting room at Malvern while they were waiting for the omnibus from the old ladies' home. "Why wasn't we take the next train back to town and just send a telegram that we aren't any of us coming?"

"And what could we do then?" asked Madge, holding the little old lady's hand very tight in hers.

"Why, I suppose you two children could get married. Then we'd all have

Thanksgiving together, and you and I, dear, could go West with Bob if we'd like us."

Bob said he was, and then: "What can you be going to Malvern for?"

"Oh, to see some people," said Madge, coloring, for there was very little out at Malvern, save St. Anne's, a pickle factory and a stone quarry.

She was wondering what could have called Bob to that part of the country. Bob, whom in those days before

the crash came. Madge was "almost engaged to."

In those days of many suitors it was Bob as much as any one to whom she had given her young heart. And in the days that had followed, who knows how completely that heart had been devoted to his memory?

"No," said Bob deliberately, "I have no friends there—" He paused, looking backward as if interested in some one occupying a seat behind them across the aisle.

Presently he excused himself. "My aunt—that little old lady in black is with me," he said. "I will just tell her that I have met you, and then may I come and sit here beside you for at least part of the trip?" Until he came Madge's heart beat so fast and her poor little tired brain was in such a whirl that she could not explain just what she would say in the event that he asked her point-blank where she was going; if, for instance, he suggested that he accompany her to her destination in Malvern.

He came back and they talked about the dreary weather, then of Thanksgiving. "I suppose," ventured Madge, for her curiosity was aroused, "that you are going to Malvern for the holidays?" She was sure now that Bob was going to see a possible fiancee. She couldn't help being jealous.

"I may stay over Thanksgiving," he said drowsily. "If they let me."

There was a rather sorry attempt to talk about things in general and then the conversation got back to the subject of Malvern. It was only fifteen minutes away and each was eager to find why the other was bound there, though each was as eager not to tell.

It was Bob who began. "I am really sorry for what I am doing—ashamed I would be if there were any way out of it. Dear old Aunt Sally brought me up. A mother could not have been kinder to me. I have wanted to make a home for her—I hope to some day."

"But she is old and she cannot be left alone. Now I have a chance to do really big things in the West—that is, for me. After a year I've been promised ten thousand a year. But I can't take Aunt Sally with me. She would be without friends; I want to make good fits." He tried to reply her just a little for all she did for me—that is the reason why I never asked—asked the one woman in the world to be my wife. Because I felt that so long as Aunt Sally lived I wanted to live with her and I did not feel free to ask her—"

Bob's eyes gazed past Madge as if they were really afraid to tell on her.

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BENEFITS OF SURFACE IRRIGATION WHICH DO NOT INVOLVE OUTLAY OF MONEY



Furrow Irrigation, a Method of Artificially Applying Water to the Land That Could Profitably Be More Generalized in Eastern Regions.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Probably there never was greater interest in various forms of irrigation than at present. Three methods are popular in sections of the Eastern states where conditions justify the artificial application of water to crops. They are spraying, subirrigation and surface irrigation. But the foremost farmer who is lacking plans for his spring work hesitates to undertake new spray irrigation or subirrigation projects because he is well aware of the expense with prices at their present level. It is timely, therefore, to suggest the benefits of surface irrigation which do not involve so heavy an outlay of money.

Two Methods Employed.

Two methods, furrow irrigation and flooding, are employed. Both are extensively used in arid sections of the country, and their adaptation to eastern conditions is not difficult. As its name implies, furrow irrigation is merely the running of water down furrows between rows of plants, while irrigation by flooding is the spreading of water over fields, usually those in small grain, alfalfa or grasses. Common field crops are not often irrigated in the East, yet in occasional instances cotton, corn and potatoes have been treated in this way with profit; likewise fruit trees are benefited by irrigation in many sections. An example of this is the citrus groves of Florida.

Many farms are adapted to a combination of spray and furrow irrigating systems, the former to irrigate seed potatoes and small patches of garden truck, while the latter may be used for crops planted in rows. When a combination of this sort is adopted the crops under spray usually are those on rolling or hilly lands where it is not easy to irrigate by furrows. Where the lay of the land is favorable the comparative cheapness of the furrow method recommends it above the more expensive spray method. In most instances where the furrow method is used the crops are planted in rows far enough apart to permit of cultivation by a horse-drawn implement.

Information in Bulletins.

The department of agriculture has for distribution Bulletin 899 entitled "Surface Irrigation for Eastern Farms," which contains valuable information for the farmer interested in surface irrigation. It treats in a practical way the problem of obtaining a water supply, how to convey the water to the land, and the different types of pumps and other equipment necessary to make the system practical. There are also valuable suggestions regarding the methods of applying the water to the crops.

Burn Garden Rubbish.

Burn all rubbish from the garden. Its value as compost will not offset the damage from the insects and disease found in this trash.

Give Grit to Aid Digestion.

The hens should have access at all times to a supply of grit or stones of a size small enough to be swallowed readily.

enough. All are fine animals, with pedigrees.

"We give the services of these animals free," write the owners, "because this region is cursed with scrub sires. They run everywhere at will and are a great menace to those keeping purebred stock. Please tell us what to do to have our farms enrolled in your campaign and our sires recorded."

The offer of the bull is made with the desire to improve the milking qualities of cows. The owners of the bull specify that all cows brought for service must be tick-free. A fee is charged for service to registered Holstein cows.

WINTER EGGS MOST DESIRED

Almost Any Pullet or Old Hen Will Lay in Spring—Early-Hatched Fowl Is Depended On.

Practically any pullet, whether late or early hatched or even a very old hen, will lay during the spring season, but it is the early-hatched pullets which must be depended upon for eggs during the winter.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

As practical evidence of their interest in the "Better Sires—Better Stock" campaign, which is gaining recruits rapidly in the majority of the states, the owners of a large stock farm in Florida have written the bureau of animal industry that the Holstein bull and Hampshire boar owned by them have been made free community sires.

The services of a Durac boar will likewise be made free as soon as he is old

enough to serve.

GOOD THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS.

When the north wind lags at my casement,

And the fields are bare and brown,

When out from the sultry leaden sky,

Stray snow flakes flutter down,

What care I then for the shadows,

That the roads are deep in mire!

I've a comrade true in my home to-night,

'Tis the light of my open fire.

—Alix Thorn.

The following cakes and cookies are too good to last.

Christmas would be Christmas without plenty of cakes.

It is a wise plan to do some of the Christmas baking in advance, as many cakes and cookies are better when a few days old.

White House Pound Cake.—This is a favorite of President Wilson's. Chop the peel of one lemon and work it into a pound of butter until the latter is very creamy; add a pound of sugar, and continue beating for ten minutes. Blend with this the yolks of nine eggs and the juice of five lemons, beating for another ten minutes. Add to this mixture a quarter of a pound each of stoned raisins, currants, chopped cherries, seedless raisins, and mixed peel cut into shreds; then fold in gradually the whites of the eggs, a pound of wheat flour, a quarter of a pound of rice flour and an ounce of baking powder. Put into a greased and papered tin and bake in a slow oven nearly three hours.

Honey Doughnuts.—The doughnut crack must be well filled at holiday time. Doughnuts made of honey may be cooked in advance of Christmas, and will keep soft, while the sugar ones will not do. Take two eggs, one and one-half cupsful of honey, one cupful of sour milk, three tablespoonsfuls of melted shortening, one teaspoonful of soda, three cupsfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonsfuls of cream of tartar; add a little salt. Roll as soft as possible and fry in hot fat.

Spice Cookies.—Cream one-third of a cupful of butter and add half a cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses in which has been dissolved one tea-spoonful of soda. Then add three and a half cupfuls of flour, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg to taste and from a half to a whole cupful of currants and chopped raisins. A few chopped nuts are an improvement. When well mixed, drop by spoonfuls on buttered tins and sprinkle with sugar.

A plain white cooky recipe may be divided and a part used with spice and fruit, with another part colored with melted chocolate, and one part left plain, making a variety of cakes from one recipe.

TASTY DISHES.

To save money by going without necessities is bad economy, but to waste anything lessens your wealth, the wealth of your country and the wealth of the world.—American Cookery.

To make the common baked apple delicious as it is, still more attractive, use the following idea:

Select good medium-sized greenings, wash and core. Fill the center with red cinnamon candies or use part sugar and part cinnamon drops. Bake until the apples crack open. Baste the center with the red syrup which forms in the bottom of the pan.

Deviled Tomatoes.—Cut in thick slices four to six tomatoes, dredge with flour, and saute in hot butter. Serve with one tablespoonful of the following mixture on each:

Cream together one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, two of dry mustard,

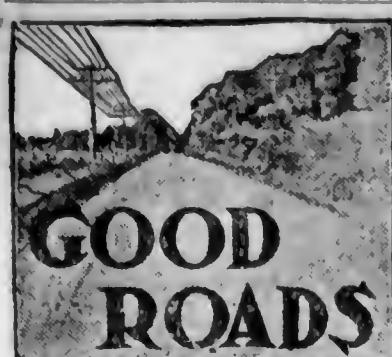
dash of salt, a sprinkle of cayenne and the yolk of a hard-cooked egg. Add to this two tablespoonsfuls each of chopped green pepper, parsley and onion. Moisten with a tablespoonful or less of vinegar; heat in the pan and serve on the tomatoes.

Sweetbreads With Orange Sauce.—Cover sweetbreads with ice water, with a tablespoonful of vinegar added.

Let stand one hour. Parboil 20 minutes.

Cut in cubes or slices and brown in a buttered saucepan. Serve with the following sauce:

One cupful of brown stock, thickened with two



GOOD ROADS

PLANNING FOR EARTH ROADS

Bearing That Location and Design of Dirt Roads Have on Future Improvement Emphasized.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

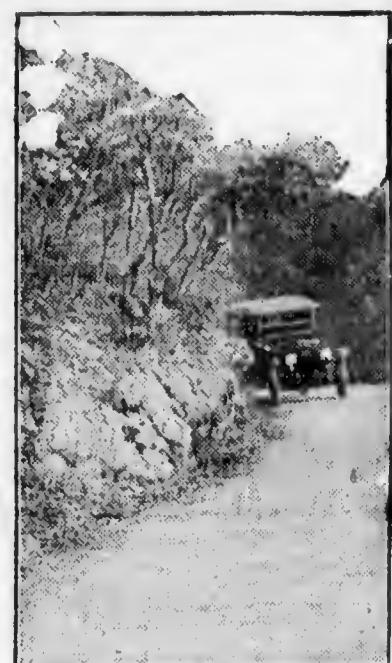
In view of the present widespread activity in every form of road building and since nearly all public roads are laid out originally as earth roads, the bureau of public roads emphasizes the bearing that the location and design of dirt roads have on future highway improvement. In locating and designing public roads the following considerations should be borne in mind:

Sharp curves should be avoided because they are a menace to traffic.

The width should be ample for vehicles to pass each other without leaving the traveled way.

If a road ever becomes of any considerable importance, its users probably will demand that all the steeper grades be reduced to the lowest maximum that would conform to the general topography of the region which the road traverses.

Let the road planners remember that aside from the advantages to traffic of a short route, each mile of additional road involves a considerable extra yearly expense for maintenance, and this alone may warrant the extra ex-



Sharp Curves Should Be Avoided.

pense of shortening the route when the road is constructed, provided that the decrease in distance does not materially increase the steepness of the grade.

Land lines should be regarded only in so far as this may be done without decreasing the usefulness of the road or increasing its ultimate cost.

The pleasing features of the route should not be overlooked. Remember that a large part of the travel on most country roads is for pleasure.

Avoid the necessity for subsequent changes in location. Such changes nearly always work hardship on some of those who have built homes along the original highway.

IMPETUS FOR BETTER ROADS

So Many Factors Are Working for Improved Highways that More Money Is Being Spent.

The cause of good roads goes ahead and gathers impetus. Every good road is a challenge to every bad road. In the competition for traffic between roads—the better road wins. Travel follows it and property values increase along its course; while the rule is that they decline along the course of the bad road. So many factors are working for good roads that counties and states are spending more money each year for road betterment. Encouraging sums are being set aside for this work in the "bad roads belt," that is, in the South. In Washington's neighbor state of Virginia the highway commissioner reports that road projects to cost \$2,100,000 are either under contract or being surveyed, says Washington Star. Figures showing the amount of money being spent on roads in Maryland are not at hand, but in a recent summary of good roads work Maryland was set down in the class with Ohio, Pennsylvania and Georgia, which had lately approved road improvements calling for the expenditure of \$1,000,000.

Unimproved Roads Costly.

Each one of the six million one hundred and odd thousand motorists in this country when it runs on unimproved roads, pays about twice as much for tires and gasoline as when it runs on hard surfaced roads.

Some Water Is Essential.

Water is as essential to the making of most roads as the road materials themselves, but an excess of it can destroy almost overnight the results of much careful work.

The Place and Power of Prayer

By REV. HOWARD W. POPE
Moody Bible Institute,
Chicago

TEXT.—Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke 11:1.

Prayer may be defined as an instinct which God has implanted in the human heart by means of which he retains communication with men and supplies their needs and at the same time carries out his great and gracious purposes. Though sin has biased man's reason, debased his affections and perverted his will, it has not destroyed the instinct for prayer. Never has a nation existed so low and degraded that it did not worship the Supreme Being in some form.

Instinct Must Be Trained.

Prayer is an instinct, but it requires proper training or it may lead to disastrous consequences—as it leads the Hindu woman to throw her child into the Ganges to appease the wrath of the gods.

The first lesson in prayer which our Savior gave to his disciples is preserved in Matthew 7:7: "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Here the Lord teaches us that it is our privilege to ask things of God. He does not promise us that we will receive what we ask for, but he encourages us to ask and to make that the habit of our lives. Our attitude should be that of a child, who might say, "I do not always obtain what I ask my father for, but I always get something, and he gives me good things." So it is with the soul who turns to God in extremity or gratitude; it is sure to receive some benefit. Perhaps it will be of acquaintance with God, or perhaps we will see our own hearts more truly in the light of his countenance, and thus realize our own sinfulness and selfishness.

Not a Substitute for Work.

Our Savior further teaches us that prayer is never to be regarded as a substitute for work, but rather as a supplement to our normal activities. If a child asks his mother to pick up his playthings a wise parent will refuse. What the child can do, he must do; but what the child needs to have done and cannot accomplish himself, that the mother will gladly do.

In John 15:7 our Savior gives us a lesson in prevailing prayer, by which I mean prayer which prevails with God and secures the very thing for which it asks. There Christ says: "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." This promises that if we fulfill certain conditions God will give us our desire.

Appeal Sets Even Law Aside.

The place of prayer may be illustrated by an appeal which Senator George Hoar of Massachusetts carried to Theodore Roosevelt when the latter was president of the United States. An Armenian who lived in the senator's home city had earned enough money to send to his native country for his wife and two children. When they arrived at New York it was discovered that the children had an incurable disease of the eyes which, under the laws of the United States, made them ineligible to land in this country. The Armenian engaged a lawyer, who went from one immigration office to another seeking permission for the afflicted children to land.

Meeting failure on every hand, the lawyer enlisted Senator Hoar's influence. The senator came to New York, but found the immigration officials immovable. He then wired the facts in the case to President Roosevelt, and concluded his telegram by saying: "If this is the law, then the law ought to be changed, and you are the man to start the revolution." Twenty minutes later the officials in New York were directed to allow the children to land.

What the parents, the lawyer and Senator Hoar could and did do. Even so, what we cannot do for ourselves and what our friends cannot do for us, Jesus Christ can and will do. He is the one to whom we are bidden to come at all times for all things that pertain to our own, or our friends' welfare. The Savior who sits upon the throne of the universe, and who has the ear of the Father, is able to do all things for us.

Humility Becoming.

Humility among Christians is a practical virtue, not a self-suppressing pose. It is not so much making ourselves small as seeing how small we are. But smallness implies contrast. If everything in the universe were small, nothing would be small in any real sense. For we should have no sense of smallness or greatness. If we find our tasks mean, it is because we have within us the promise of tasks that shall be mighty. If we feel within us the sense of sin, it is because there is growing there the conquering sense of the presence of God.—W. H. Blaikie

In the Category of Sports Clothes



Two sweaters—as far sopranoed from one another in style as the North is from the South—are presented for the consideration of the sportswoman. In the picture above, Each is representative of a type; the first, at the right of the two, being an example of styles used where the sweater is called upon to give actual warmth and freedom of movement. It is a close-knit, snug-fitting garment of wool, machine made, with cap to match, and is one of several varieties that the outdoor girl and the sportswoman find indispensable. This model is in one color, has patch pockets and a wide turnover collar—with knitted hand to hold it close up about the neck. This is its novel feature and speaks for itself, for it assures comfort in the face of ley winds. The cap is in two colors.

Sweater coats of brushed wool are much like this model except that they are loose and belted. Usually collar, cuffs and pockets are bordered with a band in contrasting color. Vivid and high colors are well represented, but do not predominate in the new sweaters; turquoise, rose and purple with orange appear among them. The brushed wool sweater coats are very warm looking.

A rival of the sweater has arrived in the very wide scarf, usually in two-color combinations, having pockets in the fringed ends and belts to match. There is as great a variety in these as in sweaters, suited to as many pur-

poses and climes as the competitors which they are destined to displace, or at least to share favors with.

The pretty garment and cap at the left, by contrast with its sturdy companion, is only acting a part. It is a sleeveless affair of knitted silk, having a cross-bar in a contrasting color, with small tassels suspended on silk cords of the same color, about the bottom. It is made in the slip-on style, but opens a little way down the front where a single button and two cords, ending in tassels, provide fastening and finish. Not much is required of it in the way of warmth and it can, therefore, afford to be sleeveless. The cloth tam, worn with it, is run with stitches like the cross-bar in the sweater in color and a narrow girdle or the silk is knotted loosely about the waist. This is an interpretation of the sweater for tourists to lands of the sun. Its mission is less practical than that of its companion which must face the snow, but they both belong in the category of sports clothes.

Among the very handsome garments of the same character for Southern tourists' wear are the sweaters with fitted body and ruffled skirts, crocheted of heavy silk yarn. They have elbow sleeves ending in a wide ripple, und, without pretense to any usefulness, other than that of looking lovely, they are the most dignified of all the offerings for sports wear. The crochet work is very open, amounting to a heavy square mesh, for which the blouse worn provides a background.

Hats That Match Merry Eyes



Life is made up of a number of pleasant things, including pretty hats, for little misses like those who look out at us from the picture above. No one with existence overshadowed by an unsatisfactory hat, could look so gay and carefree as this trio. Perhaps it is because this millinery, with bohemia tassel, peri bow, or flying ends is less plain than the majority of hats made for girls. It has velvet and ribbon and tucks and everything to make it a joy to pretty wearers, and we must concede that it matches up well with dancing curls and merry eyes.

We just cannot get away from long-hatted furry beaver in children's hats, but it has not a monopoly in the smart sailor with upward-rolling brim at the top of the picture. Here a soft beehive crown made of row after row of narrow grosgrain ribbon, is set off by the beaver brim of a contrasting color. A collar, with a knot and two outstanding ends of ribbon at the back puts a sprightly finishing touch to a successful hat.

Beaver is again among those present

when the materials used in the hat at the right are inventoried. Here it covers a crown over which it is draped. The brim is quite splendid with shirred velvet as a rich foil for the crown in a lighter color. Velvet and beaver tell the story of this hat and it has a happy ending—a dancing inset of yarn wreath "flins" for it and joins the company of many dancing curls.

Time has added years enough to the history of the girl at the left to allow her a hat that looks much like a turban made of velvet. It has a modified tam crown with a band of tucked velvet inserted about it. At the side a loop end of velvet are wired to stand out at a saucy angle, and this young person has arrived at the dignity of a fur necklace and large puffs of hair over her ears. She has therefore all the earmarks of the flapper who is nearing sixteen.

Julia Bottomley

HOME TOWN HELPS

CITY'S DEBT AN INVESTMENT

Growing Municipalities, Like Industries, Are in Constant Need of More Capital.

So generally has the failure of American municipal government been proclaimed that the 1915 financial statistics of the 227 cities in the country with over 30,000 population, published by the federal census bureau, come with a degree of surprise. According to the official report, all but four of these cities actually lived within their means last year—that is, their revenue receipts exceeded their current governmental expenditures and interest payments, and in eighty, or more than one-third, including some of the largest communities, the revenues exceeded all governmental expenditures, including capital outlays. The group as a whole collected in revenue about \$230,000,000 above current expenses and interest, or a sufficient surplus to provide four-fifths of the total outlay in permanent improvements.

Growing industries or enterprises of trade always require an increase of capital, the Philadelphia Bulletin remarks. Growing cities are confronted with a similar necessity, and municipal debt, if created for permanent improvements and wisely expended, is merely municipal capital, an investment in municipal development, efficiency and convenience which is a necessity for the production of tax-paying property. So that total figures of increasing municipal debt, are not reliable criterions of the actual financial status of the cities, except as they are measured in comparison with the expansion of the communal plant. The comparison of current revenues and expenditures is a more competent basis of judgment.

PLANT AND PRESERVE TREES

One of the Most Important Duties Laid Upon the Individual and the Community.

Trees are nature's prime sources of food; their fruits and nuts gave sustenance to the first tribes of men and are the sweetest and most nourishing of the earth's products.

Trees herald the spring with glorious banners of leaf and bloom; they clothe the autumn in garments of gold and royal purple; bared to the winter's cold, they are the barp of the winds, and they whisper the music of the infinite spaces.

Before the earth could be peopled it was set thick with trees, and when man has run his course and the race we know has disappeared in the completeness of its mission or perishes in the destruction of its trees, the earth will spring up again with new forests to shelter and sustain a new race of men and beasts and birds to work out a greater destiny. Perhaps if we are wise enough to replenish our wasting forests and to make ourselves worthy of the gift of trees we may be permitted to accomplish that greater destiny which the Mighty Forester, the Perfect Orchestrlist, the Loving Father requires in the fulfillment of his sublime purpose.—Chremo Ousley, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.

Modern Building Methods Condemned. The urgent need of enforcing regulations directing the proper use of materials in building is shown in the second annual report of the state fire marshal of Oregon, who gives the following as a record of defects found by the Oregon state inspector during the year ended March, 1910:

Defective wiring, 229; floor and walls unprotected from stoves, 191; defective pipes, stoves and tubes, 125; found chimneys on brackets, 482; exposed and unprotected openings, 131.

The fact that 482 chimneys were found supported on brackets, it is stated, is an indication that a most primitive method of construction still exists, and emphasizes the fact that proper building regulations are most essential in all cities, large and small, for tree prevention.

Climbing Hydrangea.

The climbing hydrangea, schizophragma hydrangeoides, is desirable for covering the trunks of trees, rough stone walls or similar rough surfaces where it can support itself naturally.

Failures usually result from the impatience of the gardener. It takes three years for the plants to become established, then rapid progress is made.

The plants prefer partial shade, but do well in the sun and are pleasing sight during summer when covered with hundreds of blooms.

Proper Soil for Trees.

In planting trees and shrubbery of any kind particular attention must be given to the soil. Rich soil is essential. The soil around the home, especially in cities, is usually filled in or graded down to clay. Plants cannot grow in soil that contains an abundance of stones, coarse gravel, cinders, subsoil clay, and sand. Use rich soil, for the top layer at least, even though it may be necessary to haul it several miles.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER
By the Author

GAMES AND TOYS TALK.

"Well," said the game of soldiers, "those toys had a fine talk the other day, but now that so many of us have been made by Santa Claus, let us have a talk, too."

"How about it, games?"

"Fine," said the other games.

"Let's all tell what Santa said he was making us," suggested the game of soldiers.

"Good idea," the others said.

"Can we talk, too?" asked some of the other toys.

"By all means,"

said the games. So the games and the toys had a talk in Santa's workshop, just a little, little while before Christmas.

"We were made because Santa Claus said he thought it was fine to see little boys straight and tall like soldiers," said the game of soldiers.

"Santa Claus said when he was making us," said the blocks, "the children can see all the alphabet letters on one side of the blocks and they can see little animals on the other side, on the third side they can see big letters on one side, and on the fourth side children can see barnyard animals."

"We're books, picture books," said the books in Santa's shop. "Santa has gathered together lots of stories and lots of pictures, and he has put the different ones in different books so the children read us and look at our pictures and can enjoy us for days and days."

"We're the little creatures of the great toy circus," said a make-believe circus game with make-believe animals and make-believe people and make-believe circus clowns. "We're the greatest toy circus that ever lived. Step this way, ladies and gentlemen, small boys and small girls, big boys and big girls, and see our wonderful tricks."

"Dear me," said a toy ant, "you talk like they do in the real circus. You boast in just the same way."

"Ah, but we can boast," said the creatures, belonging to the circus. "For you will admit that a circus is a circus, and that there is nothing else like it."

"Yes, I will admit that," said the toy cat, "for I've heard Santa Claus speak very highly of the circus."

"We belong to a toy village," said some little make-believe trees and shops and houses and people. "We're able to stand up on our cardboard blocks and we can be set out to look like a real little town. Aren't we fine? Don't we make a lovely, clean, beautifully painted little village? That is what Santa said when he made us."

"He's right," said the paint box, "and he is always right. He has always made paint boxes and we've always been popular. He knew the children liked us."

"They liked us," said the bathtubs, "for we can float on the water and not sink to the bottom. That's what Santa said when he made us."

"They will like us," said the automobile, "for we have ships and sailors, and we are most exciting to play with."

"So are we," said the army game.

"And don't forget about us," said a set of dishes. "There are a number of us around the shop and we're always popular, I might say. And the reason I might say so is because Santa Claus said so while he was making us."

Jacqueline of Golden River

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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UNDER THE MOUNTAIN.

Paul Hewlett, loitering at night in Madison square, New York, is approached by an Eskimo dog. He follows the dog to a gambling house and meets the animal's mistress coming out with a large amount of money. She is beautiful and in distress and he follows her. After protecting her from two assailants he takes her in charge, and puts her in his own rooms for the rest of the night. He returns a little later to find a murdered man in his room and Jacqueline dazed, with her memory gone. He decides to protect Jacqueline, gets rid of the body and prepares to take her to Quebec in a search for her home. Simon Leroux, searching for Jacqueline for some unfriendly purpose, finds them, but Hewlett evades him. Hewlett calls the girl his sister. In Quebec he learns that she is the daughter of a recluse in the wilds, Charles Duchaine. Pere Antoine tells Hewlett Jacqueline is married and tries to take her away. Jacqueline is spirited away and Hewlett is knocked out, but both escape and arrive at St. Boniface. On their sled journey to Chateau Duchaine their dogs are poisoned and Hewlett goes snowblind. Jacqueline recovers her memory and leaves Hewlett. Pere Antoine rescues Hewlett from death in the snow. He says Jacqueline is the wife of Louis d'Epernay, nephew of Charles Duchaine.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"M. Duchaine has been a recluse for many years," he said, "and of late his mind has become affected. It is said that he was implicated in the troubles of 1867, and that, fearing arrest, he fled here and built this chateau in this desolate region, where he would be safe from pursuit. Solitude has made a hermit of him and taken him out of touch with the world of today."

"I believe that Leroux has discovered coal on his property, and by threatening him with arrest has gained a complete ascendancy over the weak-minded old man. However, the fact remains that his daughter was married by me to M. d'Epernay some ten or twelve days ago at the chateau."

"My duties took me to Quebec. There I learned that Mme. d'Epernay had died on the night of her marriage, and that her husband was in pursuit of her. Again it was told me that she was living at the Chateau Frontenac with another man. It was not for me to question whether she loved her husband but to do my duty."

"I appealed to you. You refused to listen to my appeal. You threatened me, monsieur! And you denied my priesthood. I shall not help you in the pursuit of her, M. Hewlett, for you are actuated solely by love for the wife of another man. Is that not so?" he ended, hending over me with a penetrating look in his blue eyes.

"Yes, it is so. But I shall go to the chateau," I answered.

Pere Antoine rose up.

"You will find food here," he said, "and if you wish to take exercise there are snowshoes. Try to find the chateau—do what you please; but remember that if you lose your way I shall not be here to save you. I shall return from my mission in a week and be ready to conduct you to St. Boniface. And now, monsieur, since we understand each other, I shall prepare the supper."

I swallowed a few mouthfuls of food and fell asleep soon afterward. In the morning when I awoke the cabin was empty.

I spent the next two days recovering my strength, and on the third found myself able to leave the hut for a short tramp.

I found one of the pistols in the hut, and in the pocket of my fur coat were a couple of cartridges which I had overlooked. The rest I had fired away in my delirium.

The cabin was situated in a valley, around which high hills clustered. Strapping on the snowshoes I set to work to climb a lofty peak which stood at no great distance.

I must have turned off at a slight angle which took me some distance out of my course, for my progress was suddenly arrested by a mighty wall of rock, a sheer precipice that seemed to descend perpendicularly into the valley underneath. Somewhere a torrent was roaring like a miniature Niagara.

I stopped to stare in admiration. Far below me the narrow valley had widened into a smooth, snow-coated surface of a lake.

And on a point of land projecting from the bottom of that mighty wall I saw the chateau!

It could have been nothing else. It was a splendid building—not larger than the house of a country gentleman, perhaps, and made of hewn logs; but the rude splendor of it against that icy, rocky background transfixed me with wonder.

On each side of the chateau a cataract plunged, veiling itself in an opacity of mist, tinted with all the spectral hues by the rays of the westerly sun.

Why, that position was impregnable! Behind it the sheer precipice, which not even a bird could walk;

the impassable ink before it, and the torrent on either side!

But—how had M. Charles Duchaine gained entrance there?

There seemed to be no entrance. And yet the chateau stood before my eyes, no dream but very real indeed.

Before I reached the hut again I had formulated my plan. I would start at dawn, or earlier, and work around those mountains, circuit of perhaps twenty miles, approaching the chateau by the edge of the lake. I concluded that there must exist a ridge of narrow beach between the whirlpool and the castle, though it was invisible from above, and that the entrance would disclose itself to me in the course of my journey.

Although the sun was well above the horizon when I awoke I started out on the fourth morning eager to achieve the entrance to the chateau.

First I plodded back to the two mountains which guarded the approach to the valley, then worked round along the flank of the ridge of peaks, searching for an entrance. The further I went, however, the higher and more precipitous became the mountains.

There was no visible entrance to that mountain lake on my side, and to descend that sheer, ice-coated precipice was an impossibility.

It was long after nightfall when I reached the cabin again, exhausted and dispirited.

I awoke too late on the fifth morning, and I was too stiff to make much of a journey. I climbed to the edge of the glacier once again in the hope of discovering an approach. I examined every foot of the ground with meticulous care.

I might have been more surprised than I was, but my thoughts were all centered on Jacqueline, and the wantering of the light showed me that the sun must be well down in the sky. I must go on at once if I were to reach the chateau that night.

As I proceeded I kept looking to the left to endeavor to locate the narrow passage into which I had strayed, but it must have been the merest opening in the wall, so small that only a miracle of chance had led me into it, for I saw nothing but the straight passage before me.

Presently I began to hear a murmur of water in the distance and then a faint flicker of light.

The thunder of the cataracts filled my ears. A fine spray, like a garment of shiny silk, obscured my clearer vision; but through and beyond it, between two torrents that sullen above like crystal bows, I saw the chateau before me.

must have fallen at some time from the top of the arch, and happened to be so poised that at a touch it could be swung into one of two positions, alternately disclosing and concealing the tunnel in the cliff wall.

I stepped within, and, striking a match, perceived that I was standing inside a vast cave—a vaulted chamber that ran apparently straight into the heart of the mountains.

The interior was completely dark. At intervals I struck matches from the box which I had brought with me, but the road always ran clear and straight ahead, and I could even guide myself by the ruts in the ground. I advanced cautiously until the light grew quite bright; I saw the tunnel end in front of me, and emerged into an open space in the heart of the hills.

I glanced at my watch. It seemed that I had been traveling for an interminable time, but it was barely eleven o'clock. I felt drowsy, and somehow, before I was aware of any fatigue, I was asleep.

It was three o'clock when I awoke, and at first, as always since my journey began, I could not remember where I was. And, as always, it was the thought of Jacqueline that recalled me to my surroundings.

I sprang to my feet and made hasty preparations to resume my journey.

In the first cave that I explored I found a stock of provisions—flour and canned meats and matches—saugly stored away safe from the damp and snow. Near by were picks and shovels and three very reputable blankets, with a miscellany of materials suggestive of the camping party's outfit.

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CHAPTER XII.

The Roulette Wheel.

The building stood far back beneath the overhanging ledge and seemed to be secured against the living rock. It was evident that there was no other approach except the tunnel through which I had come, for all around the land that turbulent whirlpool raved where the two cataracts contended for the mastery of the waters.

It was almost dark now and growing bitterly cold. I felt in my pocket for my pistol and loaded it with the two cartridges that alone remained of the lot I had brought with me. Then I advanced stealthily until I stood beneath the cataract; and here I found the spray no longer drenched me. I came upon a door in the dark wing and, turning the handle noiselessly, found myself inside the chateau. And at once my ears were filled with yells and coarse laughter in men's and women's voices.

As my eyes became accustomed to my surroundings I perceived that I was standing near the foot of an uncarved wooden staircase. There was a dark room with an open door immediately in front of me, and another at the further end of the passage, from beneath which a glimmer of light issued, and it was from this room that the sounds of laughter and music came.

I turned to the left, and advancing I suddenly found myself face to face with Philippe Lacroix.

He was seated at a table in a room writing, and I came right upon the door before he was aware of it. I saw his thin face with the little upturned mustache and the cold sneer about the mouth; and I think I should have shot him if he had looked up. But he neither heard nor saw me but wrote steadily, and I crept back from the door.

When I reached the spot where it had been it was nowhere to be seen. And the pad-prints ran toward a tiny hole no bigger than the entrance to a fox's lair—and ended there.

At this spot an enormous boulder lay, almost concealing the burrow. I put my shoulder against it—in the hope of dislodging it sufficiently to enable me to see into the cavity. To my astonishment, at the first touch it rolled into a new position, disclosing a wide natural tunnel in the mountain-side, through which a sleigh might have passed easily!

I saw at once the explanation. The boulder was a rocking stone. It

Hewlett meets Duchaine and Jacqueline and Leroux and learns many things.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Proverb Refuted.
"There is no fool like an old fool."
"I don't know. There's the young fool that marries an old fool."

Common sense is not so common after all.



Jacqueline of Golden River

Copyright, W. O. Chapman

"FOR MY SAKE!"

The dotard looked at me with an expression of linchlike terror.

"You will give them back to me?" he pleaded.

I thrust the heap of coins toward him. "Now, M. Duchaine," I said; "In return for these you will conduct me to Jacqueline."

"I am here, monsieur," answered in voice at the door, and I whirled, to see Jacqueline confronting me.

CHAPTER XIII.

Some Plain Speaking.

I took three steps toward her and stood still. For this was Jacqueline, but it was not my Jacqueline. It might have been Jacqueline's grandmother when she was a girl—this haughty belle with her high waist and side curls and her dounced skirt and aspect of cold recognition.

She did not stir as I approached her but stood still, framed in the doorway, looking at me as though I were an unwelcome stranger. My outstretched arms fell to my sides.

"Jacqueline!" I cried. "It is I, Paul! You know me, Jacqueline?"

Jacqueline inclined her head. "Oh, yes; I know you, monsieur," she answered. "Why have you come here?"

"To save me, Jacqueline!"

She made me a mocking courtesy. "I am infinitely obliged to you, monsieur, for your good will," she said; "but I do not need your aid. I am with friends now, M. Paul!"

"Do you want to see me, Jacqueline?" I asked, watching her through a whirling fog.

"No, monsieur!" she answered chillingly. "No, monsieur!"

"Do you wish me to go?"

She said nothing, and I walked unsteadily toward the door. She followed me slowly. I went out of the room and pulled the door to behind me. I knew that after it had closed I should never see Jacqueline again.

She opened it and stood confronting me, and then burst into a flood of impassioned speech.

"Why have you followed me here to persecute me?" she cried. "Are you under the illusion that I am helpless? Do you think the friends who rescued me from you have forgotten that you exist? You took advantage of my helplessness. I do not want to see you. I hate you!"

"You told me that you loved me, and I believed you, Jacqueline," I answered miserably, watching the color flame into her lovely face. And I could see she remembered that.

"When I was ill you used me for your base schemes," she went on with cutting emphasis. "And you—you followed me here. Have you not had money enough? Do you want more?"

I seized her by the wrists. Thus I held her at arm's length, and my fingers tightened until I saw the flesh grow white beneath them. The intensity of my rage beat hers down and made it a puny thing.

"Jacqueline! Only a few nights ago you said you loved me; but you would never send me away until I wished to go. What is it that has happened to change you so, Jacqueline?"

I had her in my arms. She struggled freely and I let her go.

"How dare you, monsieur!" she panted. "Go at once, or I shall call for aid!"

So I went into the passage. But before I reached the end of the little hall Jacqueline came running back to me.

"Monsieur!" she gasped. "M. Paul! For the sake of—of what I once thought you, I do not want you to be seen. You are in dreadful danger. Come back!"

"No, Mme. d'Epernay," I answered, and she winced again, as though I had struck her across the face.

"For my sake," she panted, cataloging at my arm, and at that moment I heard a door slam underneath and heavy footsteps begin slowly to ascend the stairs.

"No, madame," I answered, trying to release my arm from her clasp.

"Then for the sake of—of love, Paul!" she gasped.

I suffered her to lead me back into the room. As she drew me back and closed the door behind us I heard the footsteps pause and turn along the corridor.

I knew that heavy gait as well as though I already saw Leroux's hard face before my eyes.

The room was completely dark. I heard Leroux tramp in and his voice intoning with the click-click of the ball in the roulette wheel.

"Who is here?" he demanded.

"I am," answered Jacqueline.

"Maudit!" he burst out explosively.

"Where is d'Epernay? I am tired of waiting for him!"

"I have told you many times that I do not know," answered Jacqueline.

"How long will you keep up this defense, madame?" cried Leroux an-

grily. "What have you to gain by concealing the knowledge of your husband from me?"

"M. Leroux, why will you not remember nothing?" answered Jacqueline. "After my father had turned M. Louis d'Epernay out of his home, whether he had come to beg money to pay his gambling debts, you brought him back. You made my father take him back in. He wanted to marry me. But I refused, because I had no love for him. But you—~~you~~ I should marry him, because he had gained you the preference to the seigniority and helped you to acquire your power over my father."

"Go on," growled Leroux, biting his lips. "Perhaps I shall learn something."

"Nothing that you do not already know, monsieur," she flushed out with spirit. "My father came here, long ago, a political fugitive, in danger of death. You knew this, and you played upon his fears. You drained him of his last penny, and then offered him ten thousand dollars to gamble with in Quebec, telling him of the delights of the city and promising him immunity," the girl went on remorselessly.

"And for this he was to assign his property to Louis, thinking, of course,

that he could soon make his fortune at the tables. And Louis was to marry me, and in turn sell the seigniority to you. And so I married Louis under threat of death to my father."

"Oh, yes, monsieur, the plan was simple and well devised. And I knew nothing of it. But Louis d



MILK AND CREAM CONTESTS

Producers and Dealers Enter Novel Contest to Improve Quality to City Consumers.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Friendly rivalry among milk producers and dealers is an important feature in the improvement of the milk supplies of cities, says Department Circular 53, "Milk and Cream Contests." The two kinds of contests—the one in which the dairymen prepare their own samples of milk or cream especially for the contest and the one in which samples are collected on the street without previous notification to the producers—are discussed in detail. The discussion includes the method of preparing milk and cream for entry in contests, the method of scoring on curds prepared by the dairy division of the bureau of animal industry, shipping and handling at destination, laboratory equipment for conducting contests, methods



Measuring Milk With a Glass Tube onto a Sterile Plate, Preparatory to Making a Bacteria Examination in a Milk and Cream Contest—This Step Is Called "Plating."

of analyzing and testing, and publicity methods in connection with milk and cream contests.

Copies of the circular may be had free by interested persons on application to the division of publications, department of agriculture.

RAFFLE OF PUREBRED CALVES

Novel Idea Introduced in Wisconsin County to Promote the Cause of Better Sires.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A novel form of raffle has been employed in Lincoln county, Wisconsin, by the members of a newly organized Holstein cattle association to promote the cause of better sires. With the profit the association derived from the sale of 32 head of cattle which it brought in from the southern part of the state, and from the sale of several other animals secured locally, the association bought eight purebred bull calves. The method by which these calves were distributed resembled a raffle. However, no fee was exacted of "chance" takers, but instead all were required to join the association. In every instance the bull went to men who had not had purebred bulls previously or who had manifested little interest in the purebred stock movement.

ECONOMY IN FUEL FOR DAIRY

Specialists Advise That All Waste Steam Be Utilized During the Current Winter.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many factory operations of the dairy industry require the use of heat, although they demand little power. As exhaust steam contains about 90 per cent of its original heat, it can be advantageously used in pasteurizing milk and cream, and in sterilizing dairy equipment. The average commercial plant, according to specialists, they advise that all dairy factory men utilize this waste steam during the current winter, when fuel may be scarce and high in price. Information on how to use steam effectively will be furnished free of charge when request is made to the United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

WATER FOR COWS IN WINTER

If Highest Production is to Be Maintained Drinking Water Must Be Warmed.

Cows frequently refuse to drink the water in an icy trough. A cow must be thirsty, indeed, before she will fill herself with freezing water. It is necessary, in view of the fact that milk contains about 87 per cent water, to warm the drinking water for dairy cows if highest possible production is to be maintained. Unless the cow drinks a sufficient quantity of water her milk production will diminish, and she will not drink enough unless it is warm. Suitable shelter from cold rains and raw winds is another comfort which the cow will repay in milk.

EVERY FARMER OWES HIMSELF DUTY OF STUDYING NEW BULLETINS ON FARMING



A Typical Chimney-Corner College of Agriculture.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The poets, when they got going on the calendar, usually ran to spring and summer months, ending at about "lives deep in June." Thomas Hood did succeed in getting as far as November, but it wasn't a good poem. Oh, it was a clever piece of craftsmanship, and all that, but unjust. It was all negatives—"No morn, no noon, no other time of day; no sun, no moon, no other side the way"—some such libelous stuff as that about a perfectly gorgeous month. But they didn't write even negative elegies of December. Poe mentioned it, along with "dying ember," "midnight dreary," and such like goths of gloom. Just the same, December might be made the subject of a very excellent poem. Indeed, with a verse here and a verse there, it may almost be said that the United States department of agriculture has written a great poem on it—one of the didactic kind that, in addition to adorning the title, poisons a moral, entitled to be considered poetry because truth is beauty, and beauty is poetry. The theme of the thing must be said to be that December is such a tremendously important month to the farmer.

December Important Farm Month. Now, having pulled up long enough to climb over a period and walk around the nook of a paragraph—consider. Of course, December has not been generally considered an important month in agriculture. On the contrary, it has been a very much neglected month, almost a month ignored. None the less, it does come very close to being the most important month in the year for the farmer. It is a month of such tremendous potentiality, a month whose usefulness may be so spread out over the other 11.

There is no end of things that should be done in December besides getting ready for Christmas. That, to borrow a phrase from a very old charge on duty, "is not on any account to be neglected," but it is due to be coordinated.

You have read in the old pioneer stories how the boys had to work in the clearing all summer, started to school in the winter. That ought to be true still for every farmer, no matter how old or young he is. December should mark the beginning of the session in his school. His schoolhouse may very well be in his own chimney corner. He has not much time to read all spring, summer, and fall. Now, he does begin to have a little leisure—not that he has any time to loaf, but he has his heels on the ground. During the year there have been printed a considerable number of good textbooks on farming. Specialists of the United States department of agriculture and other specialists in the state agricultural college have embodied in bulletins the result of long and patient labor on various things pertaining to farming, have put in type facts that will mean dollars to the farmer who learns them and puts them into practice.

Pupils Study What They Like. Of course, this chimney-corner school of agriculture allows its students a lot of leeway. The curriculum is largely elective. The farmer may study this and leave the other alone, as his interests may dictate. But there will be enough bulletins that are of interest to him to make a pretty full course of study. If he has neglected his education at all and isn't "up" to his grade, there may be a great deal more than he can handle in one winter. The United States department of agriculture has been publishing bulletins for a great many years. There are more than a thousand farmers' bulletins now on the list, and every one of them discusses something that means money to a large class of farmers. Many of the subjects have been supplemented and localized by state agencies—the agricultural college or the state department of agriculture. There is absolutely no reason why any farmer may not have all the scientific information that exists on all phases of agriculture that mean anything in his particular operation. All he has to do is to go to school to himself by his own fireside. If he needs tutoring, there is the county agent whom he can consult when he goes to town on Saturday—or he might possibly have the agent out to super and a session by the fireside some night.

The United States department of agriculture maintains printed lists of its various publications, arranged by subjects. Any farmer—or any city dweller or suburbanite who is interested in chickens or a garden or any of the things that pertain to farming—can have a copy, merely by writing for it. For the average farmer it is worth sending an evergreen, reading the

titles and checking the ones he is interested in. Then he can mail this checked list to the department of agriculture, and the bulletins checked will be sent to him without charge. There are a few bulletins the supply of which has become depleted and copies are no longer given away, but they may be bought at a very low price from the superintendent of documents at Washington. The procedure is explained on the list that is furnished by the department of agriculture.

Chimney-Corner College Co-educational. Every farmer owes it to himself and his family to find a little time to go to school every winter—to read half a dozen, or a dozen, or 20 bulletins that will help him make better crops, to keep his live stock in better condition with less feed, to carry on his operations with less exhausting strain on himself.

It should be mentioned, too, that this chimney-corner college of agriculture is co-educational. A very large proportion of the bulletins are devoted to household subjects. They contain information that will enable the farmer's wife better to carry her half of the load—to feed the family better with less work, to realize more for the portion of the farm output that comes under her direction, to have the minimum of inconvenience in the house and to get the maximum of comfort out of it—a thousand things that will help along in making farm life pleasant and profitable.

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LIVE STOCK

LESS HOG LOSS BY CHOLERA

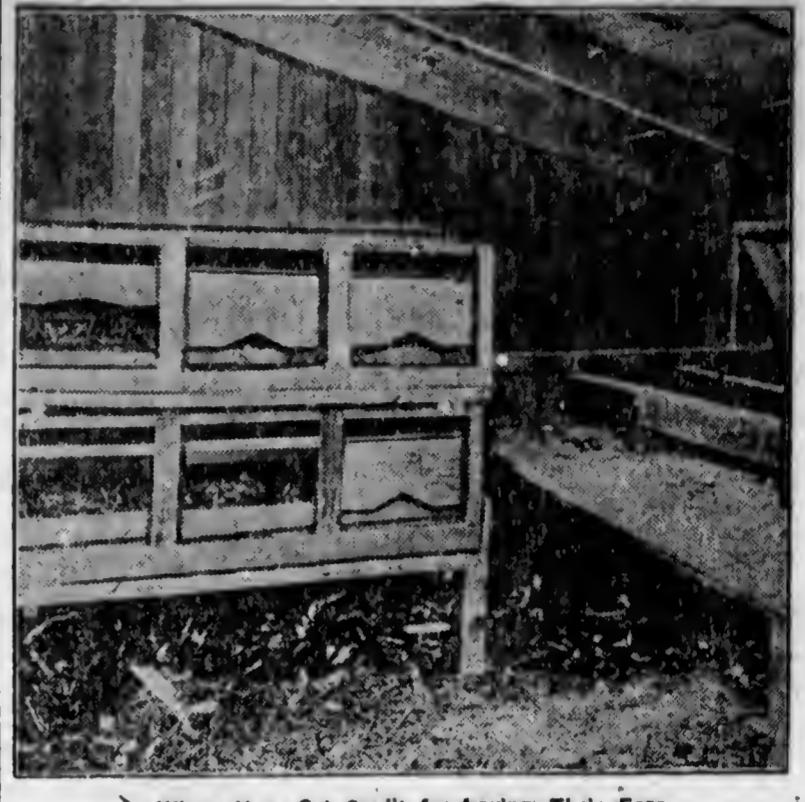
Lowest Number of Animals Lost in History of Live Stock Industry of Country.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

According to records of the United States department of agriculture for the 13 months from April 1, 1918, to April 30, 1919, hog cholera killed 2,815,004 hogs, valued at \$62,042,688.16, in the United States. This is the lowest loss by numbers for a similar period in the live stock history of the United States, but on account of the high price of hogs the monetary loss was heavy. For example, during the year ending March 31, 1913, hogs numbering 8,004,470 and worth \$58,833,653 died from cholera, while the next year the disease took 6,304,320 hogs worth \$57,097,461.

Department experiments show that timeliness in vaccinating hogs against cholera is all-important. When ex-

POULTRY RAISER CAN OVERCOME NATURE OF HEN TO DEPOSIT EGG IN TRAP NEST



Where Hens Get Credit for Laying Their Eggs.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

If you have ever led horse down a long and tortuous lane to water and then had the animal repeatedly refuse to drink, you are in a position to appreciate the predicament of the poultry raiser who equips his poultry house with trap nests and then finds that some of the pullets will not use these ingenious devices. That instinct of the female fowl to deposit her eggs in secluded, remote spots, where and everywhere about the house. The owner or attendant should enter the house frequently throughout the day, and as often as he finds one of the pullets nesting in a secluded spot he should pick the bird up and place her in a trap nest. After he does this several times the pullet becomes accustomed to the artificial nests and seeks them intuitively when she is ready to lay eggs.

Make the Nests Cozy.

Of course, it is essential to make the nests as attractive and cozy as possible, and this is accomplished by providing them with plenty of clean straw, as often as a new supply of straw is needed. Furthermore, in particularly objectionable cases it pays to clean all the litter from the floor of the house, in order to break the hen's habit of laying promiscuously wherever she desire. By removing the straw and bedding, the floor of the house is not so attractive as a nesting spot for the hens and pullets, and hence they are forced to seek the trap nests.

The purpose of trap nesting the flock is to ascertain which hens lay, either for determining what record they make or for identifying their eggs during the hatching season, so that pedigree records are possible. Trap nesting requires a considerable amount of attention, but is valuable aid in developing a flock of poultry by breeding for egg production.

OLD-FASHIONED BARN RAISING IS REVIVED

Iowa Farmers Experience Difficulty in Getting Carpenters.

Groups Co-operate in Erecting Structures Under Supervision of County Agent and Farm Building Expert of State.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

A modern counterpart of the old-fashioned barn raising, with certain noteworthy features added in the form of assistance by state authorities has appeared in Marshall county, Iowa, where the farmers have had great difficulty in securing carpenters to erect farm buildings. The plan being worked out is for groups of farmers to co-operate in erecting their structures under the direction of the county agent and the farm building experts of the agricultural extension department of Iowa State Agricultural college.

Poultry houses, because of their simplicity, are being tried first. A feature of the movement which is looked on as giving particular promise is the fact that the agricultural extension department furnishes plans for the buildings so that the co-operating builders may have explicit directions for cutting materials and erecting the structures. The first poultry houses will be built under extension supervision, but after that the farmers are expected to duplicate the work on other farms. In case this experiment proves satisfactory the same principle may be applied to more pretentious building enterprises.

POULTRY DISLIKE WET FEET

Light Sandy Soil, Through Which Water Leaches Freely Is Preferred—Give Free Range.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Poultry can be raised successfully on any well-drained soil. A light sandy loam which will grow good grass is well adapted for this purpose, while a very light sandy soil, through which the water leaches freely, will stand more intensive poultry conditions, but most of the green feed for the fowls kept on such a soil will have to be purchased. A heavy clay or adobe soil is not as well adapted to poultry raising, as such land does not drain readily, and it is much more difficult to keep the stock healthy. Long stationary

The Toulouse is the giant of the geese family.

Food has a great deal to do with the production of eggs.

Change the pullets to winter quarters before they begin to lay.

Sprouted oats are one of the best of all-winter foods where eggs are wanted.

Colds in poultry are largely caused by overcrowding at night or exposure to the wind.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Perennial pastures produce more profit than more land.

Heavy wire costs more now but less the long run.

The lasting qualities of manure when applied to land are considerable.

A little liquid well tilled will produce more profit than more land.

LIVE STOCK NOTES

Keep more sheep.

Hogs and alfalfa seem to have been made for each other.

For the best bacon types of hogs, the Yorkshire and Berkshire are the most desirable.

Of all meats, it may be that of the hog will eventually prove to be the most indispensable.

Breeders of heavy horses have a great outlook, if they breed the kind the market demands.